

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE REV. JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

As the softened light of eventide calms and elevates the soul, so the memory of those who have receded from us, the subdued light of their pure, noble, and loving life sheds a holy influence in which we do well for a season to dwell. Wherever we can find the flowers of a moral and imperishable beauty—the wealth of goodness and all the power of a true manhood—thither we should hie, as the most sacred of duties, and gather into the folds of our hearts all that is calculated to make us more pure and loving. The very name we have placed at the head of this page, JOHN JAMES TAYLER, was never mentioned of late years in our homes or churches without some feeling of reverence and love. He is gone from us, and the hand of death seems to doubly enhance his saintly character, and to soften and mellow with a kind of moral enchantment his useful life.

Mr. Tayler was born in London (near where Mr. Spurgeon's chapel is erected), before the close of the last century. There are still a few members of Stamford-street Chapel who can recollect his father bringing him, then a little boy, to his services, for the father was then minister of the congregation worshipping at St. Thomas', in the Borough. A remarkable period of history since then, and Mr. Tayler has been one of the foremost thinkers and active workers, so that this period of discovery and invention might be baptised with the spirit of Christian feeling. We may see all through his life his love of truth and his enjoyment of whatever promoted freedom and righteousness. In his earliest years he had a strong desire to be a surgeon, but was obedient to his father's wish that he should be a physician of souls; and he has ministered to this end well. His life is a lesson of constant quiet goodness and manly intelligence—a sweet

aroma he created that cannot be translated into words—a presence still felt that can never by anyone be fully explained.

It does not come within the character of our pages to give a systematic delineation of the various powers of Mr. Tayler, and the character of his writings; we may in the briefest way just hint at some of those things. As a mental and moral philosopher he was pre-eminently an *Intuitionist*—a believer in something more than an inborn faculty, which may be trained to love goodness and truth. An inherent religious sense in humanity was one of those facts on which he seemed ever happy to dwell. He says: "A survey of Christian history shows this spiritual affection of the soul to be the essence of the Christian religion; the one *constant* amidst its ever-changing phenomena; the one fundamental element which endures for ever; the same through the unceasing variations of doctrine and discipline; the one sure mark of the true disciple in all churches and all sects; the one grand discriminating characteristic to which all apologists revert in the last instance as the unanswerable evidence of a divine origin and authority."

It is possible we have in this statement the very germ of some of those differences and controversies in which Mr. Tayler was at times engaged with some both loved and learned members of our Church. He did not see in the same light the importance of what is called the historical evidences of religion. He says: "The truth of Christianity may be demonstrated in two ways: either by reverting to the evidently miraculous circumstances under which it arose, or by alleging the no less satisfactory proofs that offer themselves of a divine origin in its present adaptation to our moral wants, and its striking coincidence with all the more prominent indications and analogies of our moral being."

It is clear to us he always attached much more importance to its moral adaptation to our wants than to any other proof. But that Mr. Tayler denied its miraculous attestation, as some people vainly imagine, we can, from his own lips, distinctly deny. Mr. Tayler left that bold and unhistorical course to less reverent and less informed people. Frequently we have heard him say he could see no way of disentangling the miraculous element from the records of the life of Christ. Nor does the supernatural astonish him, for he writes: "All through history and literature there break forth here and there strange announcements of mysterious visitations from the unseen world which I cannot explain, and do not undertake to prove, but for which, however we may dispose of it, testimony distinct and positive undoubtedly exists, and why, if there be a spiritual world, which I presume every Christian admits, should such things be pronounced at once and without further inquiry—absolutely incredible." And on the resurrection of Christ he writes: "I do not regard the early Christian belief in a resurrection of Christ, his passage from the earthly to the heavenly life, as a delusion. For the universal belief in this general form the testimony is unanimous, and followed by corresponding effects. Paul firmly believed in a risen Christ; it is the key-note of all his writings, though evidence of the fact through outward and bodily sense was denied him."

We have in a few words referred to those points, as we fear Mr. Tayler has too frequently been misunderstood, as well as on other matters. The depreciating way in which he often spoke of theology as compared with religion, might lead some to think Mr. Tayler attached no importance to theology, yet we know he held "that every man who makes his religion a subject of earnest thought *must have a theology*, as a means of clear and definite intellectual success to his religion." And very truly he adds: "All theology is valuable only as it leads to religion; all sacred science as it nurtures piety." Although he did not actively enter into the course of a Unitarian propagandist, he was always ready to lend some help to this important mission, and declares: "So long as our peculiar creed is calumniated and attacked, let us not be deterred by a false

moderation and a mistaken charity from lifting up our voices in its behalf, and from maintaining in its defence the most sacred of interests—the cause of mental independence and religious freedom, and the right of every human being to think and speak for himself."

No man could more clearly see the value of the Christian religion, or be more thoroughly suffused with its spirit than Mr. Tayler. To him the Gospel was comprised in two words—"Holiness and love." He says: "Its one great object is to bring all men to God as a Father; to destroy moral evil as the only bar to reconciliation and union with Him; and to breathe into those hearts that have turned to its invitations and been renewed by its influences an affectionate zeal to communicate the blessing, and to produce in others the same change of heart and life which they have experienced in themselves."

During the last two years Mr. Tayler laboured faithfully to promote the "FREE CHRISTIAN UNION," which nothing but the success of the Unitarian denomination can make possible; and therefore it is that many of us are still disposed to toil on under a less favourable banner and name, so that at last a foundation may be laid in a simple and scriptural theology, and true life, for the union of all Christians for work and worship. We cannot for a moment dissent from what Mr. Tayler has written on this: "That, looking to facts only, and considering the present composition of European society, I believe that the Christian religion, in its grand vital expression of love to God and love to man, is the only possible basis on which even an approach to broad religious union can be now made." But this is what other parties and sects (Trinitarians) will not admit. The Unitarian alone holds this ground, and has for one hundred years past done what Mr. Tayler enjoins in the "Free Christian Union:" "Let us make our platform as broad as Christ himself, were he now on earth, would certainly have made it, embracing only those eternal principles of natural piety and inward goodness which he declared to be the sum and substance of his religion."

We must now take our leave of this survey of the life labours, and beautiful Christian spirit of him we have all learned

to listen to, to reverence, and to love. His love of truth, his fervent devotion, his pure life and sincere affection, his admiration of every pursuit which enlarged the world's thought and the world's freedom, his sympathy with the poor, his labours for their education and improvement, his joy in all righteousness, his humility and simplicity of life, his faith in man, his imitation of Christ, and his trust in God, all bore him company to the last stage of life, and the remembrance of him now reflects a hallowing influence on all who shared his friendship. He has left us a monument in his saintly name that will outlive all differences of opinion, and has added to the world's imperishable good. We now address him in the tender and truthful language of his own poem to his departed wife—

"SWEET SPIRIT, fare thee well to realms of light,
Oh, that our souls with thee might wing
their flight
From earth's dark precincts, glad to find
release,
Cling to thy sainted love and taste thy peace.
But not to us the precious boon is given,
To die with thee and share thy home in
heaven.
Our stubborn wills still need the chastening
rod,
To quell the world and subject them to God.
Thy purer nature, perfected below,
Has gained the final rest from sin and woe.
Though sharp the severance—mercy keeps
us here
Till fit to join thee in that brighter sphere.
Unworthy yet to seek our Father's throne,
We can but utter—Let God's will be done."

UNITARIANISM A SUFFICIENT GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

BY R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

ANOTHER thought naturally recalled to our minds by the contemplation of the excellencies of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, whose loss we deplore, is, that our own highly-prized and dearly-loved exposition of the Gospel contains all the elements, includes all the principles, which lead to the formation of the very loftiest and most rounded *Christian character*. Not only was our departed instructor remarkable for a steady and sustained *morality*; for a life which, in every department of duty, was actuated by the purest and most exalted of motives, and animated by the purest and most

exalted aims; but he was equally conspicuous for a warm and pervading *piety*, for an habitual veneration of God, for an habitual love of God, for an habitual trust in God, for an habitual sense of the near presence of God, for an habitual communion with God. It was not that this devotional spirit ever manifested itself strikingly and obtrusively, but that the whole tenour of his conduct, that his ordinary carriage and deportment, that the very expression of his countenance, and almost the very tone of his voice, bore witness that such a spirit dwelt continually in the secret recesses of his heart, and thence illuminated his life as a taper shines through a crystal vase.

And, surely, if any view of the religion of Jesus *ought*, almost necessarily, to produce such a frame of soul, *ours* should have that sanctifying result. Consider for a minute the character it assigns to the Being whom it invited us to reverence, adore, and love. No harshness, no sternness, no injustice, no capriciousness, no inexorableness dim His nature, and fill us as we bend before His altar, with terror rather than with affection. On the contrary, *to us* He is infinite benevolence, guided by infinite wisdom; on the contrary, *to us* He is infinite rectitude mingled with infinite compassion; on the contrary, *to us* He is that God whose moral essence is love; on the contrary, *to us* He is one, all whose feelings towards us, and all whose purposes regarding us, are now, ever have been, and ever must continue to be, the feelings and purposes of a FATHER.

It was a religion of which these are the foundation truths that, above all things else, made our venerated friend one of those "disciples whom Jesus loved;" and it possesses the power to qualify us also for enrolment in that sacred band. Let us cherish the truths I have just enumerated; let us gather them into our very heart of hearts; let us cultivate and foster them by the cheerful and persevering use of all the means and appliances which the wise and the good among our predecessors have found effectual; let us first so gain a fervent and abiding love for God, and doubt not that a corresponding love for man, and a corresponding love for every shape and name of virtue, will follow as the natural fruit of a plant so essentially divine.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

A FAMILY LESSON.

It is very difficult to describe or define what we mean by conscience, and we need scarcely attempt to do so, for we all know and feel what it is. The still small voice speaks to all of us, faintly or loudly as the case may be, and according as we listen to it. The newspapers lately have made us acquainted with the history of a man who many years ago committed a great crime which he had been successful in concealing, and yet who had been so tortured by the voice of his conscience reproaching him for the wicked deed that he preferred to give himself up to justice, to brave shame, imprisonment, and even death, to bearing these reproaches any longer. It would seem that the voice of conscience, if not listened to at the moment of wrong-doing, would unite itself with the memory, and insist on being heard afterwards. How even a slight dereliction from duty can be the cause of lasting pain is shown in the following account, given by a lady in middle age of an incident of her youth, which we will endeavour to relate in her own words, and will call her story—

"THE LAST REQUEST."

I was about fifteen years old when my mother died, and although it is now quite thirty years ago, I remember it as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday, hearing of the circumstances connected with her death. I recollect in particular even the smallest incidents of the evening before the day on which she breathed her last. She had long been ailing, and others knew, though I did not, that she could never recover. I suppose that on account of my youth they thought it best not to tell me of her danger; and yet I knew she was ill, very ill. On the day that I remember so well she had been very restless and suffering, but towards evening she had sunk into a quiet doze. We were living just then in a small house in the country, to which we had removed on my mother's account for change of air. Her room was on the ground floor, and opened into the one we used as a sitting-room. My eldest sister, who had been watching over my mother all day, finding that she slept so peacefully, left her to transact some business that she had to do in the village,

and I was to attend her in case she should awake. She gave me no particular charge as she went away, but I knew from that moment I was responsible for the care of my mother.

Just at that time of my life I was passionately fond of reading, and it so happened that I had brought with me into the country Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Kenilworth*, which I had read as far as the middle of the third volume. It was only natural perhaps that I should take up the book as my mother slept, in order to go on with the tale, which so interested me. Leaving the door of my mother's room open, I seated myself in the sitting-room window to make the most of the evening light. The house was very still, and I would have heard the least movement of the sleeper. I thought, alas! I did hear only too well. I read on, straining my eyes over the magic page, which seemed to take me away from all that was real around me to the court of Elizabeth, into the presence of the Queen and the crafty and ambitious Earl of Leicester; to Cumnor Place, where I saw poor Amy Robsart, the unfortunate victim of his ambition. All these things seemed to fill my mind and yet not shut up my senses, for I knew that just as my interest in the fate of poor Amy was at its height, as the wily schemes plotted against her were leading to her destruction, I heard distinctly the faint voice of my mother in the next room, as she said the words, "Lucy, dear, give me a glass of water." I still read on. I did not move. It seemed as if I could not leave Cumnor Place. I could not let anything disturb me as I breathlessly followed the windings of the cunning plot which led up to the terrible catastrophe. How strange it was that though I did not then feel prompted by conscience to throw away my book and hasten to obey the request of my mother, yet somehow those words of hers were impressed on my memory for life—stamped, as it were, on something that was more than memory.

I think I came to myself that evening, when, not long afterwards, people came into the room with lights; and it was when I saw my sister raising my mother's head, and tenderly asking her to drink a glass of water, that I felt the first sting of conscience reproaching me for my neglect.

That night my mother became perceptibly

worse, and the next day she died, after many hours of unconsciousness. I had no opportunity of doing for her the slightest service, and that neglected request was the last she ever made to me. My dear, dear mother, who had always been so loving and good, and had done so much for me!

I can never describe how much I suffered at the time of her death, and long afterwards, from the painful remorse I felt from my strange act of negligence. I only know that as I grew up into a woman, and the remembrance of many of my youthful doings faded out of my mind, that incident was never forgotten. I never thought of my dear mother without an ever recurring feeling of poignant regret. By mysterious links of association the memory of that evening, the very sound of my mother's voice, as she had appealed to me in vain, would flash into my mind. I never could hear any allusion to Queen Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, to Kenilworth, without the scene of that sad evening; the aspect of the rooms, my mother's form stretched out on the bed, all coming out like a photograph upon my memory. Happily for me, the pain I felt in connection with my fault, led me at the time of its first infliction to rouse myself to take a greater share in the duties of life, and to feel a deeper interest in what was real and true. I do not think I ever after allowed my mind to become so engrossed with what was only imaginary, and learned to value books more for the knowledge they could give me of life than for the mere amusement or excitement they could bring at the moment of perusal.

And now that I am beginning to grow old, and am not strong, so that I often think it will not be long before I may meet my dear mother in another state of belief, I feel that should I be permitted to converse with her, I must tell her how my neglect of her last request has been to me a never forgotten—a life-long pain.

THE REV. ROBERT BROOK ASPLAND.

On the eve of going to press, the painful news has reached us of the death of Mr. Aspland, whose life has been one continued series of useful services to the unitarian denomination, and which we shall endeavour to record in our next number.

THE SAVING POWER.

BY E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.

IN all good and great performances there must be affection. We cannot stand in cold, formal relations to men and be really just to them. We cannot walk among men, icy and hard, without any impression of their life, without any sense of their need, without any pity for their infirmities, and at the same time be just to them.

Out of philanthropy springs justice, as, in its highest form, that springs out of the ocean-depths of God's love. People sneer at philanthropy sometimes; they call it mere sentiment, mere weak feeling concerning the woes and wants of men. It is not mere sentiment. The grandest justice in this world is that which is conceived by the spirit of an earnest, toiling humanity. When philanthropy stands upon its true basis it will not stand upon the common ground of mere alms-giving charity, but of justice. Do justly to the poor; that is all we are required to do. Do justly to our fellow-men, especially to the weak, the oppressed. The true cry of philanthropy is a burning watchword ringing all round the world, requiring justice between man and man. What is the essence of philanthropy? It comes from the warm sympathy which great hearts feel for man, because they are implicated with humanity, feel its life, and know all its wants and woes. It is a great cry for justice, and not an appeal for mere charity.

There can be no beneficent power in this world that does not spring from love. Mercy, though often dictating and requiring the severest measures of justice, rejoices when it need not be so. It rejoices in forgiveness and renunciation; it rejoices when the presumed guilty are found innocent. There is often a feeling of disappointment in some minds when a man pronounced guilty is found innocent. All the excitement, all the romance of the case is gone. But mercy rejoices when it need not be so and the accused are found guiltless; it is glad to palliate when it can. Like Christ on the Cross, the merciful man says, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Oh, how much sublime tenderness appears in those words! Was this a covering up of sin! Some people think it a weakness not to let justice have its course. Let it have its

course, in its severest form even, when it must be so ; but it is justice to palliate when we can.

Here is the great power of men with their fellow-men ; here is the redeeming power which God sends into the world—the power of sympathy, of being one with humanity, of taking hold of and finding out that which is best. In this way have all great and good things been wrought. It is this spirit that has led men to sacrifice and die for humanity ; and this has given them all the power they have had. We can never lift men up and bring them into God's kingdom by any other way than loving them, and implicating ourselves with them.

This is the power by which the world is to be redeemed, the power of getting into our own humanity, and feeling for it. We may say, What a poor, miserable creature man is ! We may stop at some revelation of social horror, and say, What a hell there is in man ! But that is not the way to redeem him. We must search for something below the hell, must dive deep into the essence of humanity and uncover that. Many people think that the religion of Jesus Christ is a worship of the high and a desecration of the low ; that on the one hand it is an external form and ceremony, a compliment to God, and on the other it is pointing out man as a being totally depraved, and saying, "See what a poor, corrupt, degenerate creature he is !" The whole essence of such worship appears either in ecclesiastical pomp or in a stern harsh theology. The worship according to Jesus Christ is not the worship of what is high and the degrading of what is low ; it is a condescension of the high and a lifting up of the low—Christ coming down to man, and to the meanest man, searching under all the corruption and refuse of humanity, finding his heart, taking it up in his nail-pierced hand, and saying, "God forgive him, he knows not what he does." And this is not an abstraction ; it has been exemplified in history.

Mercy is the essence of all love. The mother of the little child at first feels strange instincts in her heart. Her love has taken no other form than that of mercy to a little helpless being cast for nurture upon her heaving bosom. If we find a family where there is a poor, little, weak, child, it is beloved more than all the rest.

I suppose the love of God for poor, weak man is mercy for him. Guilty, sinful, degraded as he is, the Infinite Mercy throbs for him, and feels after him, and lifts him up to Himself by the resistless magnetism that mercy is. That is the power that saves ; that is the lever that moves the world ; that is the pillar that upholds the universe.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings
"Behold now the Giver of all good things ;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state,
Him who is alone mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread.
And in palace chambers, lofty and rare,
They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim,
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,
And in church and palace, and judgment hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head ;
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider, and still more wide,
And the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men ?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor ?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold,
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold :

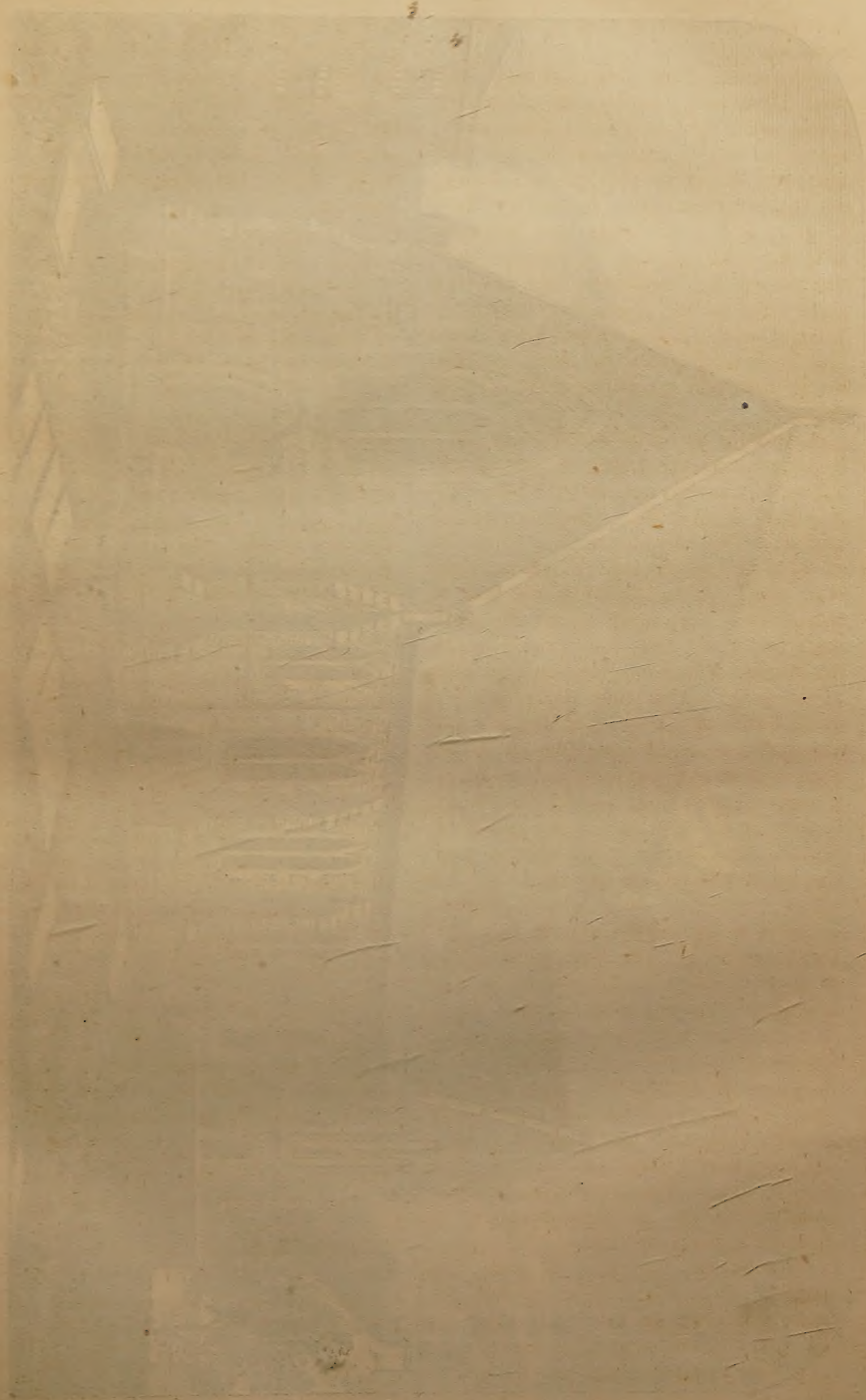
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven, these eighteen hundred years.

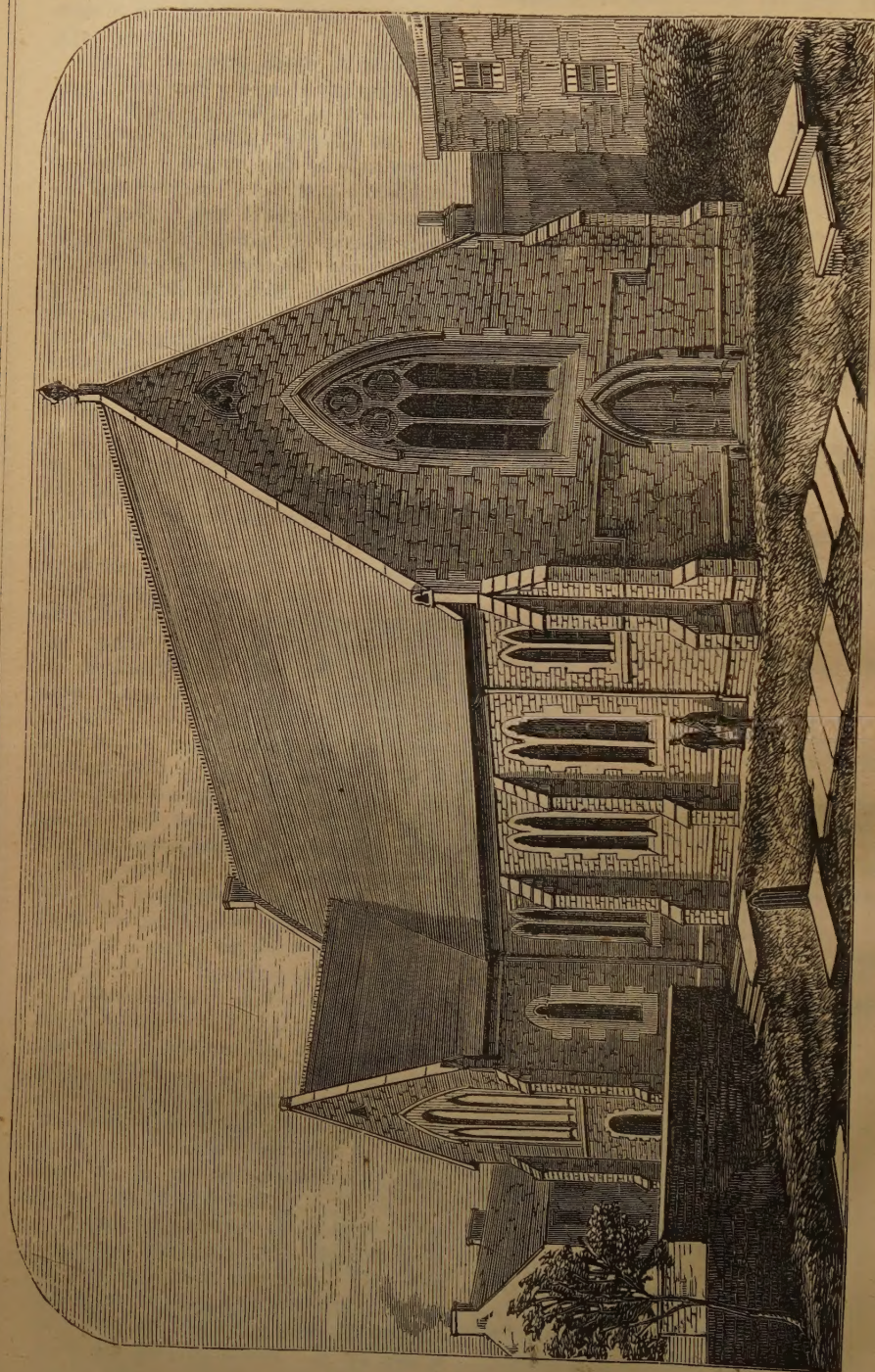
"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We built but as our fathers built ;
Behold thine images how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame—
To hold thy earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
As they drew back their garments' hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me !"

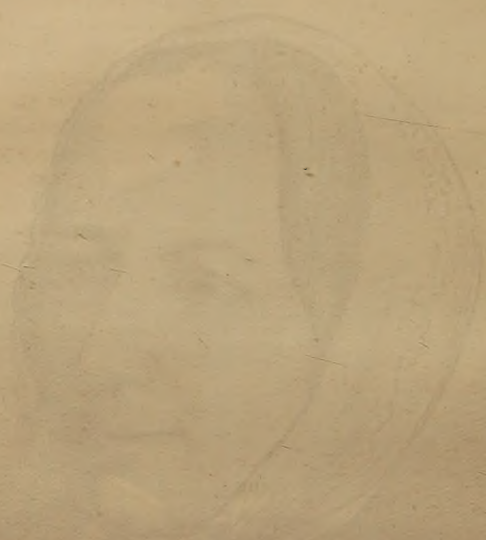




NEWCHURCH, ROSSENDALE.



FREDRIKA BREMER.



NEWCHURCH, ROSSENDALE.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM
THERE.

PROOF on proof could be piled that wherever a people is left with the Bible, and the Bible only, to form their religious opinions, the result is constantly one and the same — Unitarianism. In the year 1806, a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Joseph Cooke, was dismissed by the Conference, held at Leeds, for some trifling difference of opinion about justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit. But some of those who had enjoyed his ministry formed themselves into a society, and continued to attend his instruction till the year 1814, when this good man died, at the age of thirty-five, through over exertion, a martyr to the cause of what he esteemed to be religious truth. The society at Newchurch was not Unitarian then, but, through the free and reverent use of the Bible, was marching steadily onward to that end. We may here add Mr. Cooke was assisted by a young, intelligent, zealous, and pious lay preacher, Mr. John Ashworth, who became the local leader of this faithful band, who were known by the name of "Cookites." Mr. Cooke had officiated at Rochdale as well as Newchurch, and had societies in both places. At the time of Mr. Cooke's death, the doctrine of original sin and vicarious atonement were rejected, and the orthodox theory of the two natures of Christ were questioned.

A still more careful reading of the Bible led to the abandonment of the Trinity and the deity of Christ. This little church now felt in quite a new, and what they thought, an untrodden path of doctrine, for they had never heard of Unitarianism at all. They felt a complete isolation from all Christian churches, and were upheld by nothing but a natural interpretation of the Bible, and the sense of an honest conviction of God's truth.

Yet they felt in trouble at this loneliness; they fasted and they prayed for strength and for light; they cried earnestly unto God as they read their Bibles, and continued their meetings for prayer often until midnight. They thought it possible, as they had left off connection with the Wesleyan body, God had given them over to delusion and a reprobate mind, for they

were alone in those new theological convictions. Still they met for prayer and the study of the Bible, and in this wise did God clear up their way. Mr. Ashworth was in Halifax, transacting a little business with a Dr. Thompson, and in the course of conversation he explained to this Halifax gentleman the doctrinal position of himself and friends at Newchurch. "Why," says Dr. Thompson, "you have all become Unitarians." "Unitarians," said John, "what are they?" Dr. Thompson told him about their opinions, and that there were several churches of such people in England. John Ashworth blessed God, and hurried home and called his brethren together, and held a meeting at which he detailed the tidings he had received at Halifax; and they all joined in prayer and thanksgivings; the spirit of praise was theirs that night instead of the spirit of heaviness. And from that day they rejoiced to be called Unitarians. We present this month an engraving of their new chapel. The first meeting-house they built was a very small one, in 1809. In 1824 they had it enlarged, and nothing remarkable occurred until 1852, when their beloved leader, at the age of seventy-two, passed to another world. In 1853 the Rev. George Hoade became their pastor, and during his ministry the congregation and school very much increased, and a subscription was commenced for building the present chapel. In 1863 the Rev. William Elliott was called to this church, and the new chapel, which contains 450 sittings, was opened in 1865. The cost was £2200; the old chapel being used as a Sunday-school, which has proved for many years a nursery to the church. The Rev. J. R. Smith is at present the minister. A beautiful memorial window is erected over the communion, on which is inscribed the two names most precious to this society—

JOSEPH COOKE
AND
JOHN ASHWORTH.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Few women would ever take to writing if they were happy. It is melancholy to think how many glorious and delightful works we possess which were only written to relieve the gnawing anguish of the noble women who wrote them.

Fredrika Bremer, the great Swedish novelist, born in Finland in 1801, was the daughter of Carl Fredric Bremer, a wealthy ironfounder, who removed to Stockholm when his gifted daughter was three years of age. At a handsome house in Stockholm in the winter, and at a spacious ancient country seat twenty miles distant in the summer, Fredrika Bremer passed the years of her childhood and youth. Her parents were people of good principles and excellent intentions, and yet they contrived to make all their children profoundly miserable, and especially this fragile, sensitive Fredrika. Her mother had three inviolable rules for the management of her children.

1. They were to remain in perfect ignorance of evil. 2. They were to acquire as much knowledge as possible. 3. They were to eat as little as possible.

In order to keep them from a knowledge of evil, they were banished from the drawing-room as soon as visitors were announced, and they were strictly forbidden ever to speak to the servants, except one old woman, and she was commanded never to tell them anything savouring of evil. There was no occasion to urge them to learn, for all the children, and especially Fredrika, had an insatiate craving for knowledge. Such was the activity of her mind, that when her lessons were finished she used to amuse herself by learning whole scenes and acts of French plays.

Of her mother's three principles, the one which caused these children the severest suffering was that which condemned them to eat less than they desired. Their mother had a particular dislike of strong, tall, and stout women, and she thought that the less her children ate the more likely they were to grow up like the delicate heroines of the romances which she continually read. At eight o'clock in the morning these eager, hungry, growing children had each a small basin of cold milk, with a small piece of a kind of thin, hard rye biscuit, and this was their whole breakfast. No matter how hungry they might be, they dared not so much as ask for another morsel till dinner time, which was two o'clock. It did once or twice happen that the old servant who waited upon them ventured to give each of them a piece of dry bread; but their mother found it out, and scolded

her so severely that she dared not repeat the offence. When dinner time came they were allowed to eat of only three dishes, and of them only so much as their mother considered sufficient. Tea was served at six, and the children were regularly summoned—not to partake of the meal—but to look on while their parents and governess enjoyed it. At eight o'clock the children were each supplied with a small glass of cold milk and a small piece of rye biscuit, and then went to bed. What aggravated the cruelty of this regimen was, that their parents were particularly fond of the pleasures of the table, and the children were continually tormented with the sight of delicious food, of which they were sternly forbidden to partake. It is the opinion of the survivors of the family that this regimen stunted the growth and impaired the constitution of Fredrika.

Then, again, these cruel, kind parents were unrelenting rigourists in regard to the manner and demeanour of their offspring. At eight o'clock in the morning the children were required to be dressed for the day, and to pay a formal visit to each of their parents; first, to their mother in her boudoir, while she was taking her morning coffee. When they entered the room, instead of welcoming them with a smile and pleasant word, she would look at them with a sharp critical eye, and watch them closely during their walk from the door to her chair. If they walked badly she made them go back to the door and walk the whole distance again. When they had succeeded in walking to her satisfaction, the next thing was to make a curtsy to her, which also had to be repeated until it was correctly performed. Finally, they had to kiss their mother's hand, and do it with the requisite grace.

"Poor little Fredrika," writes her sister, "could never walk, stand, sit, or curtsy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence."

Another whim of their mother's added greatly to the misery caused by the scantiness of their fare. She had the notion that children ought to be thinly dressed, and go with bare neck and arms, even when the ice, for days together, was so thick upon the window panes that the

shivering children could not see out of them.

All this seems strange to us and hardly credible. Parents are now so generally indulgent to their children that many of us find it difficult to believe that people who could treat children thus were not unfeeling and cruel. But elderly people tell us that fifty or sixty years ago, parents generally treated their children in some such way as this, thinking to harden them against the inevitable evils of life. Many parents, on principle, refrain from caressing their children, or expressing their fondness for them in any way which children could understand. We now, perhaps, go to the opposite extreme.

It is certain that this harsh treatment did not answer well in the case of Fredrika Bremer, who, with the best possible disposition, and with splendid natural gifts, became a remarkably mischievous and disagreeable child. When she was eight or nine years of age her organ of destructiveness was strangely developed. She would throw into the fire such things as handkerchiefs and stockings, giving as an excuse, when detected, that it was "so delightful to see the flames." If she found a pair of scissors lying about when nobody was present she would cut a piece out of a window curtain or a large round hole in the front of her dress. She would lock herself in a drawing-room, and cut a large hole in the middle of the costly silk cover of an arm chair. She used to cut open the legs and arms of her dolls, and throw down porcelain figures upon a stone fire-place to see if they would break.

"When Fredrika," writes her sister Charlotte, "had performed any cutting or carving, and Lena (the old servant) was ordered to go and find it out, Fredrika always used to follow her, silently and calmly as if she had done no wrong; and when Lena had found out what she had cut and chopped to pieces, and begun to moralise, Fredrika walked up to Lena, stared at her and her own handiwork, turned round, and walked off without saying a word. If the discovery took too long Fredrika lost her patience, and pointed silently in the direction in which Lena ought to go."

She was, of all conceivable children, the one whom severe or even ungenial treatment was most likely to sadden and

injure. It did sadden and injure her. Nevertheless, it seemed to stimulate her talent, and made a writer of her as early as her eighth year. From that time forward she was in the habit of composing verses, plays, tales, and sketches. It was not, however, until she was twenty-seven years of age that the thought came into her mind of publishing any of her works.

At that age, desirous of more ample means of assisting the poor, she formed a project of publishing a volume of tales and sketches, entitled "Sketches of Every-day Life." Concealing the scheme from her parents and friends, she entrusted the manuscript to her brother, who speedily found a publisher bold enough to issue three hundred copies!

The work was greatly successful, and it was followed by another volume of similar contents.

Not till then, we are told, was the mighty secret imparted to her parents. Henceforth she was an established authoress, and her writings made their way into every civilised country. Her novels had made all the world acquainted with the social life of Sweden.

Miss Bremer, kind and good as she ever was, never entirely outgrew the effects of cramping and depressing childhood; still less from the injury it wrought to her physical system. Her large head was out of all proportion to her short and slender body; and although the expression of her face was pleasing, it was robbed of much of its symmetry and charm by the painful constraints and privations of her early years.

She died at her father's old country-seat, near Stockholm, on the last day of the year 1865, aged sixty-four years. A handsome monument of polished granite covers her remains, on the pedestal of which are engraved, in golden letters, the following words, suggested by herself:

HERE SLEEPS

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BORN 17th AUGUST, 1801; DIED 31st DECEMBER, 1865.

When I cried unto the Lord, He delivered me out of all my trouble.

We cannot add, as in former sketches of distinguished women, that she was a unitarian, yet her *universalism* shines through the following, in a letter to a friend:—

"I saw one day, my dear friend, at your house, a quantity of sand-grains strewn upon a glass plate [arrange themselves, under the influence of a musical note, into the most exquisite, star-like and symmetrically harmonious figure. A human hand made the stroke which produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty, will not the note then produced bring into exquisitely harmonious forms those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty and harmony, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more; thus say the most reasonable anticipations of all people, as you yourself have told us with scientific certainty in your 'Parity of Reason throughout the Universe'; and thus He *Himself* told us in his revelation, as Eternal Goodness. And hence it is that I see, during life's changing phenomena, amid everything dark and chaotic, amid all stars and in all stars, amid all tears—as well as in my own—everywhere the harmonious figure, the eternal star, the child of harmony, the future world of God, the kingdom of man, and hence it is that I weep and am joyful nevertheless." This clearly indicates what she really believed respecting God and the destiny of the soul.

ARE TRINITARIANS IDOLATERS?

Few Unitarians would answer this question unhesitatingly in the affirmative; and yet a Trinitarian divine of our own day, of the highest standing, and of unimpeachable orthodoxy, has not hesitated to confess that in some measure Trinitarians *are* idolaters. No theological philosopher in the Trinitarian ranks is more looked up to by educated Unitarians than the late Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. And, with the exception of the late Dr. McCaul, no writer has expounded the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity by arguments so likely to commend themselves to the respectful attention of an intelligent Unitarian. To the Unitarian reader, then, it is very astonishing to meet with such passages as the following in Archbishop Whately's sermon on the "Name of Emmanuel":—"Now, the question is, whether God was with Jesus of Nazareth only as with a most eminent prophet, or in some such manner as authorised and requires us to *worship*

God in Christ. Those who deny Christ this worship, and represent him as only the greatest among the prophets, charge us with *idolatry*, as paying divine adoration where it is not due. To this it is sometimes answered, that even supposing us erroneous in our notion of Christ's person, still we ought not to be charged with idolatry, inasmuch as we intend to direct our worship to the one true God, and not to a man as man, or to any angel or other created being. But the answer, though it repels the charge as far as the *first* commandment is concerned, does not clear anyone in regard to the *second*; and many of the idolaters among the Israelites might have defended themselves, and most likely did, on the same ground. . . . Those who pay divine worship to Christ Jesus are, as I have said, not necessarily cleared of the charge of sinful idolatry by the mere consideration that they *intend* to direct their worship to the one true God. . . . But why do I say *sinful* idolatry? Is not the very word always so used as to imply a sin? It is so; but if anyone should choose, instead of looking to common usage, to turn to the strict etymological sense of the word 'idolater,' and to ask whether we are or are not 'worshippers of an image,' we ought without hesitation to answer that we *are*. . . . The *kind* of adoration which idolaters pay to their images so far corresponds to the Christian's to our Lord Jesus Christ, that we might very reasonably and intelligibly describe him by that term" [image]. If such remarks can fairly be made upon the doctrine of the deity of Christ by one of the firmest and most intelligent believers in that dogma, it is no wonder that in another sermon we find the Archbishop commenting upon the neglect of giving serious attention to "the doctrine of the Trinity, which too many well-disposed Christians studiously and habitually withdraw their thoughts from, as a perplexing and barren speculation." It is a matter of much regret that so candid and enlightened a man should have belied his better judgment with this unscriptural mystery; and we cannot but wish that the good Archbishop had profited more by his own excellent rule laid down elsewhere, that "whatever suggests to us anything not agreeable to God's written word, we may be sure it is not from him."

K. B.

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

UNDER the heading of the article, "The Still Small Voice," by one of our writers, this month, we ask the careful reading of our young friends; and we desire to say one word or two more on the vast importance of learning at once what may be called "Prompt Obedience." How often do we hear parents call on their children to perform some little service, and all kinds of excuses are urged for delay? No doubt there is the intention of obeying at some future time, but a careless spirit is contracted, and many disasters follow this bad habit of putting off a duty which ought at once, at the call of a superior, to be done. The following little incident illustrates the advantage of a quick obedience, and how a child's life was saved by having learned this habit soon. A switch-tender on a railway in Prussia was just about to move the rail, in order to let a coming train pass on a side track, when suddenly he noticed his little son playing on the railway between himself and the coming train. The switch-tender had not a moment to spare; he might run and save his child, but he could not do that and turn the switch in time; and if it were not done the train would meet another one, and a terrible accident would take place. The safety of hundreds of lives depended upon his fidelity. What did he do? He instantly called out to his little son, in a loud, commanding voice—

"Lie down my child, lie down between the rails!"

"The boy, at the command of his father, dropped between the rails, and in an instant the heavy carriages passed high over his head.

The anxious father sprang to the spot, and there his boy was alive and well; not a hair of his head was touched. You see it was the boy's quick obedience that saved his life; for a moment's hesitation would have been too late.

And it is of the utmost importance to learn, soon in life, a prompt response to every call that is made by a parent or a superior. Once the bad habit contracted, of delay, it is long before you can recover that readiness which is always so pleasing in a child. It is not only well to be swift to hear, but also swift to obey. A

service tardily performed or delayed is often little or no better than a positive disobedience.

ONE WORD.

[Written on repeatedly seeing a tombstone (erected in an English cemetery) containing a single word as its only inscription.—T. H. M. S.]

OfT stood I by that grave to read
The simple epitaph it breathed;
For that brief, sorrow-freighted writ,
To me with model love was wreathed.

It spoke not of one virtue's light
That might have gilt the vanished heart,
That never more from that long sleep
Would wake to share life's trial-part;

Nor gave it one recording sign
Of when the life began its way,
Or when that cloud discharged its bolt
That specks and ends each mortal day;

Nor ought was there to say by whom
That earth-lost life was loved as well,
Nor name of one of kindred blood
Did that mysterious tombstone tell;

Nor of the one whose hand had raised
That gift so gentle and so fit,
Was mention made—it just stood there,
By its one word with beauty lit.

And whether youth or age there slept
Not even slightest record said,
Nor sex nor station was declared
Of this companion of the dead.

No! nothing of the life beneath
That marble told the stranger's look;
Yet to one eye it must have been
In its one word—a full paged book.

It seemed as if one heart desired
Alone to know who slumbered there,
Wished to that resting place to bring
Only its love, its woe, its care.

It could not bear the eye of earth,
Careless as curious, should be given
That grave's dear secret—only for
A keeping heart, a hiding heaven.

And so that "long home" bore one word
That seemed to bid all footsteps pass,
That left a heart with God and grief,
And only simply said, "Alas!"

In common meaning all could know
What that word's pitying love conveyed;
But who could understand the *all*
To one heart by that sign portrayed!

Ah! vain, indeed, to read aright
The fond "Alas!" that thus could rise—
An offering frail, with staunchless tears,
To one more blessed in tearless skies.

Dunmurry.

T. H. M. S.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AIR AND SUNLIGHT.—"Oh where do you get the red for your cheeks, Susie!" said a pale, wan young lady to a bright, laughing minx. "Where the roses get theirs, in the air and sunlight," was the quick reply.

THE DYING KING.—As one of the early Scottish kings was dying, an attendant heard his last sentence: "Lord, I restore Thee the kingdom wherewith Thou didst entrust me. Put me in possession of that whereof the inhabitants all are kings."

SPURGEON'S CONVERSION.—A controversy has been going on about the instrument of Mr. Spurgeon's conversion. It is claimed by the *Primitive Methodist*, that Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was converted under the influence of Rev. R. Eaglen, a Primitive Methodist preacher. This is correct; we have heard the mother of this celebrated preacher say so.—[Ed. C. F.]

AN ECCLESIASTICAL MURDER IN 1824.—In the recent debates in Spain, Senor Sorni stated that in 1824 the Archbishop of Valencia denounced to the tribunals a very excellent upright man, a schoolmaster, whose sole fault was that he did not attend mass. For this, and for this alone, he was condemned to be hanged; and the Royal Court of Valencia had the sentence carried out.

CONVERTS TO ROMANISM.—The Roman Catholic Church cannot say as the first apostles said, "Not many nobles are called," for, in a list of recent converts to Romanism in England, there are the names of twenty-five lords and baronets, twenty-four ladies of noble rank, and between one and two hundred clergymen. If might be no great loss if all the fussy people of the world, fond of religious show would, like the above, go to their own place.

A PUZZLE TO THE PRIESTS.—The *Gazette* relates a strange story of a young Catholic girl of Cincinnati "possessed of the devil." She shows extreme aversion to holy things and places. A piece of the "true cross" throws her into violent convulsions, and she is unable to write or pronounce the word "Christ," though she can write and speak "devil" easily enough. Altogether she is a perfect puzzle to the priest and sisters who have her in charge.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of ranking or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the virtues; and, where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home. — *Alger's "Friendships of Women."*

ROMAN CATHOLIC TYRANNY.—Portugal needs a little ventilation. The air there is murky with bigotry. James Cassels, a Wesleyan gentleman, residing at Oporto, was tried and convicted of making converts to Protestantism, and sentenced to six years' exile. He has appealed to a higher court.

"RENOUNCING THE DEVIL."—A little boy, son of Unitarian parents, was lately told by one of his Trinitarian playmates that his folks did not believe in any God. "Oh, yes, they do," replied the former. "No, you don't," said the latter, "Yes we do believe in a God," retorted the sturdy little fellow, "but we don't believe in the devil."

A HINT FROM A HIGH PLACE.—A Catholic paper speaks of the Methodist Church as admirably organised for aggressive movements, exerting great influence over the masses. As, however, they become wealthy, they build fine churches, found colleges, and seminaries, and inaugurate customs adapted to the tastes of the rich. "These things (says the article) will gradually work their ruin. They are ruined the moment they lose sight of the poor, the ignorant, and the neglected, and pride themselves on having large and wealthy and fashionable congregations. The poor are worth more than the rich."

HOLY THURSDAY, 1869.—Among the superstitions of the past age which are not yet exploded, a peculiar belief in the efficacy of the rain water which falls on Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, still remains in some of the villages of Warwickshire. In a village a few miles north of Rugby, several old women might have been seen on Holy Thursday, 1869, busily engaged in catching the falling rain, which they carefully bottled for use during the ensuing year. On inquiring what peculiar properties the water so obtained was supposed to possess, and to what purpose it was intended to be applied, a venerable old woman said that the water had the property of preventing heavy bread, and would keep for a year. Every week when a batch of bread is baked a teaspoonful of the water is added to the leaven, and this causes the bread to be light. At least, so the old woman firmly believed, and great was her joy at having been enabled to secure such a plentiful supply of the water for use during the coming year.

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